

AN: Time for another episode of everyone's favourite Friday night sitcom: *Cheese*! And we have a special guest, too! Yay!

Cheese

Show

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK slams Greg's head into the TV.)

TPYMK: You idiot!

(Greg stands up, bewildered.)

GREG: What did I do?

TPYMK: Greg, you sold all of our food so you could buy more beer!

GREG: Yeah – and then I stole it, anyway.

(He laughs. TPYMK kicks him in the groin.)

TPYMK: This is the last time you're going to do this, Greg! We have to put a stop to your problems with alcohol!

(Dan is sat on the sofa.)

DAN: Problems with drink, drug, violence... Well, problems with *everything*, really. He should be in jail, in fact.

GREG: Look, it was never proven that I murdered those people.

TPYMK: Greg, you stabbed thirteen people in plain sight. They arrested you on the spot. You were smothered with blood!

GREG: I was framed!

(TPYMK rolls his eyes and punches Greg in the face.)

TPYMK: He always manages to stage a jailbreak, though. He probably just wards them off with the smell of alcohol.

DAN: I'm surprised he hasn't warded *us* off yet.

TPYMK: You're not much better than him, either.

DAN: *Me?* What the hell have I done?

TPYMK: You act like you're so high and mighty all of the time. Your arrogance is really starting to get on my nerves. And you wear princess dresses.

DAN: Look, that tiara wasn't mine. I told you – I was just trying it on for a friend.

TPYMK: Of course you were. That's why you were also wearing a giant pink dress with matching gloves – and sparkly slippers.

DAN: I was high. I had no control over my body.

TPYMK: Of course. I believe you.

DAN: Really?

TPYMK: No.

(TPYMK throws the TV remote at Dan. It hits him right in the face.)

DAN: Well, I think that *you* are a problem around here, too!

(TPYMK laughs.)

TPYMK: Don't be absurd! I am a saint. The new messiah. How on earth could I be a problem? There's nothing wrong with me.

DAN: Oh, yeah? Well, what about your constant violence issue?

TPYMK: I do *not* have a violence issue. Excuse me one moment.

(TPYMK picks up a sword, walks over to Greg and cuts his arm off.)

There we go.

(TPYMK turns back to Dan.)

You were saying something about a violence issue?

DAN: I'm serious, TPYMK. Maybe you should consider getting some counselling or something for your problems.

GREG: I think you *both* need counselling.

TPYMK: Oh, yeah? And what about your drink problem?

GREG: I know exactly what'll get me out of my alcohol addiction.

TPYMK: What?

GREG: More alcohol!

(Greg wanders over to the fridge, pulling it open. It's filled with nothing but bottles and cans of beer.)

Let's see...

(Greg pulls out a bottle that's about waist-high, drinking from it.)

DAN: Well, at least *he's* doing something about it.

TPYMK: Dan, you're an idiot. Surely you must know that.

DAN: I only got an F in Math.

TPYMK: Better than my Z in English.

DAN: A Z? How is that even possible?

TPYMK: I have no idea. You tell me.

DAN: It explains the quality of this script, though.

TPYMK: Yeah.

GREG: I have an idea!

(Greg stumbles onto the sofa. His enormous bottle goes flying out of the window.)

Damn it.

TPYMK: I seriously doubt that you could come up with

anything, Greg.

GREG: You're right. I can't. I was just trying to make myself look smart.

TPYMK: And failing miserably, I might add.

GREG: True.

DAN: Hey! I've got an idea! A real one!

TPYMK: Well, what is it?

DAN: I know exactly how to solve our problems!

TPYMK: How?

Scene Two – TV Studio

(A big TV studio. An audience – consisting of *TLKA* characters – are sat on rows of benches against the back. Stood on the enormous stage is Haiba. A few chairs are placed behind him. He speaks to the camera.)

HAIBA: Welcome to *The Haiba Show*, everyone! I'm your host: Haiba!

(The audience clap and cheer.)

Now, I know how much of a beautiful god I am, so I'm just going to skip with the flirts and bring in my first guest.

(The audience look disappointed.)

AUDIENCE: *Aww!*

(Haiba chuckles.)

HAIBA: Just kidding! Did I mention that you guys all look beautiful today? I don't think I've seen such a lovely audience before.

(The audience blush.)

AUDIENCE: Thank you, Haiba!

HAIBA: No problem. I wonder which one of you I'll end up dating tonight. Or maybe I'll just date you all!

(The audience cheer loudly.)

That's the spirit! Anyway, my first guest today is a horrible Welsh author who says that his two friends are tearing his life apart! Let's give a big hello to ThatPersonYouMightKnow!

(TPYMK enters to the left. The audience give him a round of applause as he takes his seat.)

HAIBA: Welcome to the show!

TPYMK: Hello, Haiba.

HAIBA: You've got some cute hair there.

TPYMK: Uh... thanks.

HAIBA: What do you say we take a ride on the Love Express?

TPYMK: Um... maybe later.

HAIBA: Great! So, what is going on between you and your friends?

TPYMK: It's a nightmare, Haiba. Both of them are insane. Greg is a compulsive drinker.

HAIBA: A compulsive drinker?

TPYMK: Yes! And then there's Dan, who just doesn't stop being arrogant. I've never met someone so annoying.

HAIBA: It sounds like this could be a big issue. Let's bring them on! Give a round of applause for Dan and Greg!

(Dan enters the stage from the left, sitting down on one of the seats. Greg stumbles in from the right, crashing to the floor.)

GREG: Still haven't gotten used to these new legs yet...

(Greg picks himself up, staging over to his seat. He finally sits down, looking around in confusion.)

Well, this bar is a pretty colour, isn't it?

(Haiba looks stunned.)

HAIBA: Well... welcome to the show, guys. How are you feeling?

DAN: Miserable.

GREG: Drunk.

HAIBA: Good. The trouble will keep my ratings up.

TPYMK: You can see it already, can't you? They're unbearable!

HAIBA: I must admit, they do look ever so slightly insane. I wouldn't date them in a million years.

TPYMK: I don't even want to be their friend!

GREG: Oh, don't be so ridiculous! We're great together!

HAIBA: I've been told that you're an alcoholic, Greg.

GREG: Yep – guilty as charged.

HAIBA: How much do you drink in a day?

(Greg thinks for a moment.)

GREG: I honestly believe that I've run out of numbers for it.

TPYMK: See? He's always drunk!

GREG: I am not drunk!

TPYMK: Then what other type of physical ailment causes you to stumble about the place like some sort of degenerate?

GREG: I am paralytic.

TPYMK: That's the same thing.

GREG: Oh.

(TPYMK punches Greg in the face.)

HAIBA: Hey! There'll be no violence on this show!

DAN: That's his problem. He's always violent.

HAIBA: I can tell. Do you feel angry with the world, TPYMK?

TPYMK: No – I feel angry with *them*. They need a good punch to set them straight!

HAIBA: Violence is never the answer, my friend.

TPYMK: Then what is?

HAIBA: A good hug. I wouldn't advise hugging either of them, though.

TPYMK: Then violence is necessary.

HAIBA: Just how bad are his violent tendencies, anyway?

GREG: Well, he cut my legs off last week.

HAIBA: *He cut your legs off?*

GREG: Yeah – I had to sew them back on. I keep stumbling all the time now, though.

DAN: Greg, you've sewn them on the wrong way round.

(Greg looks down.)

GREG: Oh – of course! That would explain it!

TPYMK: I'm just waiting for them both to die. Then all of my troubles will be over.

HAIBA: I'm sure there's a simple, sensible solution to all of this. You three should be good friends. Talking, laughing, playing... staring into each other's eyes and slowly falling in love... kissing each other on those long nights—

TPYMK: *What?*

HAIBA: Oh, nothing. I got sidetracked for a moment there. Anyway, I think that the first thing you guys should do is admit

your mistakes and apologise.

TPYMK: Apolo-what?

HAIBA: Apologise?

TPYMK: Sorry – I don't really do apologies.

(Haiba narrows his eyes in confusion.)

HAIBA: Look, the first step is admittance. Greg should admit that he's a raging alcoholic, for example.

TPYMK: Well, that's what Scottish people are like.

HAIBA: You're just being stereotypical. How would you like it if I made you out to be a stereotypical Welsh person?

TPYMK: What Welsh person writes 65 fanfics, churns out a load of spin-offs, endless scripts, and introduces the *Lion King* fandom to a long since forgotten 80s game show featuring a psychotic blonde man in a helicopter?

(The audience falls silent.)

HAIBA: Okay. Not so stereotypical, then. In fact, I'd call you quite original, actually.

TPYMK: It's the reason you're standing there. You'd be nothing if I didn't create you. In fact, I could erase you from existence in a heartbeat.

(Haiba chuckles nervously. He pats the top of TPYMK's head.)

HAIBA: You're quite the joker. In fact, I think I've changed my mind. You are a saint, TPYMK. It's your awful friends who are to blame. They should be tied to a post and shot at dawn.

DAN: That's not very fair! I haven't even had time to try on my Disney Princess underwear!

(Dan covers his mouth in horror.)

HAIBA: What a sissy!

(The audience erupt with laughter.)

DAN: No! You don't understand! I was speaking for my sister – she's lost the power of speech!

(Greg points at something.)

GREG: Hey – you're wearing Cinderella socks!

(The audience laugh even harder.)

DAN: They were a Christmas present! I had to wear them!

(Haiba is rolling around on the floor, crying with laughter.)

TPYMK: I think this day has turned out to be quite entertaining, actually.

DAN: My life is over! Everyone knows my secret!

TPYMK: Everyone knew, anyway, Dan.

(Haiba climbs to his paws, wiping a tear from his eye. The audience's laughter eventually fades away.)

HAIBA: Oh, you can't make stuff like this up... Anyway, back to the subject matter. I think Dan has admitted enough, so now it's time for Greg to fess up to his crimes.

GREG: I think there are too many to count.

HAIBA: Well, start with the basics.

(Greg stares at him.)

GREG: I think there are too many to count.

(Haiba rolls his eyes.)

HAIBA: We're not getting anywhere, are we?

GREG: No. We're still in this studio. I didn't know we were going somewhere. Can we go to the bar?

HAIBA: That's not what I meant.

GREG: A brewery!

HAIBA: No!

GREG: Your house! You must have beer there!

HAIBA: Only cheese and milk, actually. I'm very keen on dairy products. Which reminds me, I should call that cow Daisy later... I haven't been on a date with her in a while.

TPYMK: Greg, just admit that you're an alcoholic.

GREG: Okay. I am an alcoholic.

(Greg stands up.)

So can I go now?

(He immediately collapses to the floor.)

Damn legs.

(He pulls himself up, sitting back down.)

HAIBA: As I said, the first step is admittance. The next step is to give me twelve thousand dollars so we can send Greg to a rehabilitation program.

TPYMK: *Twelve thousand dollars?*

DAN: *Twelve thousand dollars?*

GREG: *Oranges!*

HAIBA: If you want your friendship to be fixed, you're going to have to make sacrifices – and that means giving my studio money. It's the only way to end this in a respectful manner.

TPYMK: But we don't have twelve thousand dollars!

HAIBA: Then I'm afraid I can't help, nor can I go on a romantic date with you. It's a shame, really.

TPYMK: You can't do this to me! I demand a conclusion! This is TV! You can't just let us go like this!

HAIBA: Of course I can. It's in the rules.

DAN: So what happens now?

HAIBA: You are officially ejected from *The Haiba Show*.
Goodbye!

(Haiba pulls a lever on the stage. The chairs TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sitting in spring upwards. The three are ejected into the air, crashing through the roof.)

The End

AN: Ha-ha-ha! I loved writing this! We needed Haiba to appear at some point, didn't we? I think he had a pretty good role. And the chat show element was hilarious, too! TPYMK, Dan and Greg have too many problems... Not even Haiba can fix us! Oh, well. That's it for now. See you next Friday for more madcap mayhem!